A POWER COMIC

THE COMIC EVERYONE IS TALKING ABOUT!

SMASH!

No. 49
7th JAN. 1967

EVERY MONDAY
7d

BATMAN

With ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

HAS BATMAN GONE CRAZY? ONE BY ONE HE HURLS NAPOLEON'S HENCHMEN THROUGH A TRAPDOOR ON A SKY-SCRAPER ROOF — ON A NON-STOP DROP TO THE BASEMENT!

AND NOW, LITTLE NAPOLEON AND MISS JOSEPHINE-- IT'S YOUR TURN! DOWN THE HATCH!

PLEASE, BATMAN! HAVE MERCY!

IT'S TW-TW-TWENTY ST-ST-STORIES ST-ST-STRAIGHT D-D-DOWN!!

LIKE THE KID SAYS-- HAVE A HEART!

Distributed by The Ledger Syndicate, Inc.

THE HULK BEATEN AT LAST ? SEE INSIDE!

CHEER UP! IT WON'T HURT AS MUCH AS YOU THINK!

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MY IDOL, THE MAN I MOST ADMIRED IN ALL THE WORLD, HAS FEET OF CLAY...

NOT REALLY, ROBIN!

REMEMBER THAT PHONE CALL I MADE EARLIER? I CALLED THE FIRE DEPARTMENT!

-- AND THEY HAVE NETS SPREAD DOWN THERE?

RIGHT! SO ACTUALLY IT WAS SAFER FOR THE CROOKS THAN TO LOWER THEM BY BATROPE!

WANT MORE SURPRISES? TURN THE PAGE—

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GOSH, BATMAN, CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME FOR DOUBTING YOU?
GERONIMO!
FORGET IT, OLD FRIEND! ANY OF US MIGHT HAVE A FLAW IN HIS CHARACTER!
HOLY HIATUS, BATMAN! THAT'S THE FIFTH KITTEN SHE'S CARRIED ACROSS THE STREET!
NO HURRY, ROBIN! COMMISSIONER GORDON SIMPLY SAID HE'D LIKE TO SEE US "AT OUR CONVENIENCE!"
BOB KANE
USUALLY HE WANTS US RIGHT NOW!
AND STRANGELY ENOUGH, HE SOUNDED -- WELL, RATHER ANGRY AT US!
Distributed by The Ledger Syndicate, Inc.
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IS SOMETHING WRONG, COMMISSIONER?
I SINCERELY TRUST NOT, BATMAN BUT --
-- WE'VE HAD A COMPLAINT ABOUT YOU AND THE BOY WONDER!
-- FROM SCOTLAND YARD, NO LESS!
THEY CHARGE THAT YOU'VE BEEN -- IN THEIR WORDS -- "DASHING ABOUT THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE" FIGHTING CRIME WITHOUT OFFICIAL SANCTION!
BUT --
THEY DEDUCE THAT YOU SHUTTLE BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN THE HYPERSONIC BATPLANE -- AND MEDDLE IN THEIR AFFAIRS!
THE HOME SECRETARY IS INDIGNANT!
THERE COULD BE NASTY INTERNATIONAL REPERCUSSIONS, BATMAN!
THERE'S SOMETHING VERY ODD ABOUT THIS, GENTLEMEN!
WE HAVEN'T BEEN TO ENGLAND!
I'VE NEVER BEEN OUTSIDE OF GOTHAM CITY IN MY WHOLE LIFE!!
BUT AT THIS SAME MOMENT, NEAR THE FEARFULLY RURAL ENGLISH VILLAGE OF LEMON REGIS...
THERE, MERSEYSIDE MONTY! THAT SHOULD JOLLY WELL HOLD YOU!
--AT LEAST UNTIL THE BOBBIES BUZZ BY!
WHAT'S THIS?!? A BOGUS BATMAN? A SIMULATED SIDEKICK? SEE NEXT SMASHDAY!

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Percy's Pets

YAHOO! NOTHING LIKE A GOOD MUD FIGHT!

MUD BATH

MUD! MUD! GLORIOUS MUD!

GRRR! ME MUD PACK! IT'S GONE— I BET IT WAS THOSE PETS OF PERCY'S WHO ARE RESPONSIBLE!

AND I'LL BET MUM'S RIGHT! I'D BETTER WARN THE LITTLE TWERPS SHE'S COMING! GULP!

WAA-AAH!

PERCY CAN RELAX, WE'LL SLOW MUM UP! SNIGGER!

CRASH!

AIEEE!

HO! HO! NOTHING LIKE A HEDGEHOG HANDLE TO SLOW UP MUMS! OUR MICE PALS SHOULD BE WELL AWAY BY NOW!

MEANWHILE...

QUICK, LADS! HIDE IN HERE!

WHAT A PAL!

YIPEE! GOOD OLD BILL!

GRRR! WHERE ARE THEY? I KNOW THEY'RE IN HERE! THERE'S MUD EVERYWHERE!

I THINK I CAN GUESS!

OH, GOSH! I WISH MUM WOULD HURRY UP AND GO, IT'S STUFFY IN HERE—AND I ALWAYS YAWN WHEN IT'S STUFFY!

YAWN

OH, NO! YOU CLOT, MICKY, YOU KNOW YAWNING IS INFECTIOUS!

AHA! SO THERE THEY ARE

OH, NO!

HELP! WEVE BEEN RUMBLED!

YAWN!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

OH, NO, YOU DON'T YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY AGAIN!

OH, HECK! WATCH THAT MUD, MUM..

AAGH!

CRASH!

COO! WHAT ON EARTH HAVE YOU DONE TO YOUR FACE, MUM? I'LL NIP OUT AND GET A COUPLE OF DOZEN FACE PACKS, YOU'LL NEED THEM!

COO! SHE STILL ISN'T HAPPY, AND SHE'S GOT TWENTY FOUR MUD PACKS NOW -THANKS TO MY MOUSE PALS!

MUD PACK

GRRR

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1966

AMMO

HELLO, READERS! HOW DO YOU LIKE MY OUTFIT?

THIS IS MY FAITHFUL COMPANION, ROBIN. SAY HELLO TO THE READERS, ROBIN.

WE'RE GOING TO SEE THAT LAW AND ORDER IS KEPT IN THIS TOWN!

SCREECH!

HEY, BATMAN —A PUNCH UP!

VERY OBSERVANT OF YOU, ROBIN—

TEE-HEE! IT'S FUN BEIN' BATMAN!

POW!

ZAP!

THANKS, BATMAN— YOU'RE A PAL!

ANY TIME!

COME ON, ROBIN —KEEP YOUR EYE OPEN FOR ANY MORE LAW-BREAKING!

ZOWIE, BATMAN! LOOK UP THERE!

THIS LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER JOB FOR THE DYNAMIC DUO!

SCREECH!

BASH!

SMASH!

THUMP!

WHAT NOW, BATMAN?—SHALL WE TAKE THE LIFT?

WHAT!—AND DISAPPOINT THE READERS! NO—

WE'LL USE THE BATROPES LIKE IT'S DONE ON TELLY!

AH! A PERFECT SHOT!

HEY, LOOK! BATMAN AN' ROBIN— SNIGGER!— LET'S GET 'EM!

FOW!

CRUMP!

ZAP!

WHAM!

THEY'RE TOO TOUGH FOR ME! I'M GOING BEFORE I GET THUMPED!

LOOK, BATMAN! —ONE OF THEM HAS ESCAPED!

TITTER!

DON'T WORRY, ROBIN! I'LL GET HIM!

LEAP!

BUT, PEN-NY! BATMAN CAN'T FLY!!

FLAP!

FLAP!

FLAP!

H-H-HE C-C-CAN'T ?!?

FLAP!

FLAP!

AAARRGGH!

CLANG

CLATTER!

I STARTED OFF AS BATMAN— BUT I'VE FINISHED UP MORE LIKE CATWOMAN! WA-AH!

SLURP!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

TAKE YOUR SEATS FOR THE BIGGEST BIG-TOP THRILLER EVER! FIRE FOLLOWS AN ATTEMPT TO KIDNAP **ALONZO**, A TRAPEZE STAR. **RUBBERMAN** IS TRAPPED!...AND IS THEN RESCUED BY THE SAME TRAPEZE ARTIST. BUT THAT'S **NOTHING**... COMPARED TO WHAT IS **GOING** TO HAPPEN!

TOGETHER RUBBERMAN AND THE GREAT ALONZO SWING FROM THE FLAMES...

FIFTEEN YEARS IN THE CIRCUS AND I THOUGHT I'D SEEN **EVERYTHING!** BUT NEVER ANYTHING LIKE **THAT!**

INCREDIBLE! I HAVE UNEARTHED A FAR RICHER FIND THAN I EXPECTED!

NOW I CAN THANK YOU FOR **SAVING ME** FROM **THAT CAR** THAT **TRIED TO RUN ME DOWN!**

AND YOU HAVE JUST SAVED **MY** LIFE! THAT CLEARS THE DEBT ON **BOTH** SIDES.

SUDDENLY, RUBBERMAN SEES A HATEFUL FACE ONCE AGAIN...

MY FRIEND...WHAT IS IT?

THAT MAN... THAT **FAKIR!** I **MUST CATCH HIM!**

STOP! I DON'T WANT TO **HARM** YOU!

THIS IS MOST INTERESTING! SWITCH OFF THIS THING... AND **FOLLOW ME!**

FOR THE SECOND TIME RUBBERMAN LOSES SIGHT OF THE ELUSIVE FAKIR...

THERE GOES THE GUY THEY'RE LOOKING FOR, COUNT! LOOK—HE'S GOING INTO THAT OTHER TENT!

OUR AMAZING-LIMBED FRIEND ATTACHES GREAT IMPORTANCE TO THAT TURBANED RABBIT. I WONDER WHY?

THEN THE STRANGELY-GARBED NEW-COMER HEARS ALONZO ASK THE SAME QUESTION...

HAS HE **STOLEN** SOMETHING FROM YOU?

IN A SENSE, YES. HE STOLE **A NORMAL LIFE** FROM ME! YOU MAY FIND THIS HARD TO BELIEVE... BUT I AM **SURE** HE IS THE INDIAN FAKIR WHOSE CURSE TURNED ME INTO **RUBBER!**

THIS COULD WELL BE A TRUMP-CARD WORTH KEEPING UP MY SLEEVE. SEIZE THAT FAKIR AND TAKE HIM TO **MY** ESTABLISHMENT. THEN RETURN HERE... **FOR ME!**

HE'S AS GOOD AS THERE ALREADY COUNT!

RUBBERMAN TRIES HARD TO CONCEAL HIS BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT...

HE'S GONE! THERE'S NOTHING TO KEEP ME HERE ANY LONGER. BUT I WILL STAY TO SEE YOUR PERFORMANCE TONIGHT.

IF THEY SEPARATE I MAY LOSE THE CHANCE OF GETTING THEM **BOTH** IN MY POWER. SO TONIGHT, SOMEHOW, I MUST FORGE **A NEW BOND** BETWEEN THEM

ALONZO the great

LATER THAT EVENING COMES THE HIGH SPOT OF THE BIG-TOP SHOW!

AND NOW THE GREAT ALONZO WILL EXECUTE THE FAMOUS TRIPLE SOMERSAULT... FOLLOWED BY A DARING SEVENTY-FOOT DIVE TO THE LOWER TRAPEZE.

AND NO SAFETY NET! I'M KEEPING MY FINGERS CROSSED FOR YOU, ALONZO!

AWED EYES FOLLOW THE TINY SPOT-LIGHTED FIGURE...

THAT'S THE **THIRD** SOMER-SAULT!

IF HE MISSES THAT SECOND TRAPEZE BAR... **HE'LL FALL TO HIS DEATH!**

THEN IT HAPPENS...

OOOH!

THE ROPES HAVE BROKEN!

RUBBERMAN MOVES FAST...

!

?

IT'S **RUBBERMAN**. I READ IN THE EVENING PAPER THAT HE WAS HERE. HE'S SAVED THAT MAN FROM CERTAIN DEATH!

AFTER THE SHOW, IN ALONZO'S CARAVAN...

FIRST THE CAR, RUBBERMAN... AND NOW THIS. IT WAS NO ACCIDENT. THOSE ROPES HAD BEEN CUT ALMOST THROUGH!

THAT MEANS SOMEONE IS TRYING TO **KILL** YOU!

I WOULDN'T REST EASY IF I LEFT NOW, ALONZO. I'M GOING TO **STAY ON**—AND GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

THUS THE BOND HAS BEEN STRUCK AND THE TWO REMAIN TO-GETHER. NOW, THE NEXT MOVE IS **MINE!**

THIS IS COUNT ARENA. I HAVE CHOSEN TWO MORE...ER...CANDIDATES! BUT THEY WILL NOT BE EASY TO CATCH. ONE OF THEM IS MADE **ENTIRELY OF RUBBER!**

RUBBER?!? HMMMM! THAT **DOES** PRESENT PROBLEMS!

AT THE OTHER END OF THE RADIO TRANSMISSION...

GAS...DRUGS... ALL MAY WELL BE USELESS AGAINST SUCH AN EXTRAORDINARY MAN. BUT WE, YOUR TECHNICIANS, HAVE NOT FAILED YOU YET, MASTER! BY TOMORROW NIGHT I **SHALL HAVE THE ANSWER!**

TWENTY FOUR HOURS LATER...

WHAT...WHAT'S HAPPENING?

THE WHOLE CARAVAN'S SWAYING. I'LL LOOK OUTSIDE!

BUT THERE IS NOTHING OUTSIDE THE DOOR... **SAVE RUSHING AIR!**

ALONZO! WE'RE BEING **DRAWN UP INTO THE SKY. AND THERE'S NO VISIBLE REASON FOR IT!**

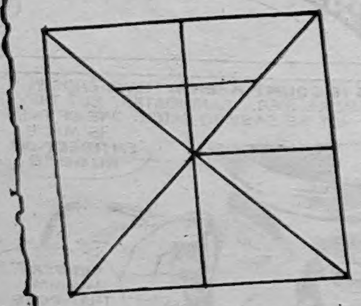
WHAT NEW PERIL FACES THE MAN OF RUBBER? WE'RE NOT SAYING—BUT YOU'LL FIND THE ANSWER **STAGGERING** NEXT WEEK!

MEET... Mister Knowall *

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

HIDDEN LETTERS

HOW many letters of the alphabet can you find in this pattern. Have a go, then look at the answer below—it will surprise you!



RACING MATCH

Ever had a matchstick race? Even if you don't win, you'll get a good giggle.

For each player, you'll need two matches. Sharpen the end of one of them to a point, and make a small slit in the end of the other. Slot the pointed match into the other to make a 'V' shape.

Now, for each matchstick racer you make, you'll need a length of thread, down which the matchstick will race.

Each player holds the thread tightly by the ends and makes the matchstick 'walk' down it by skillfully jerking the thread.

This will take some practice, but right from the start it's great fun.

HERE'S a dodge that will fool everyone you try it on. Hand them a piece of paper and ask them to write their name in one letter.

Now it's your turn . . . draw a very large 'O', 'D' or 'P' and write your name inside the letter. There—you've written your name in one letter!

JOHN SMITH

FAST FUN

Making puppets need not take more than a few seconds.

Draw a face on a paper bag, slip it over your hand and, with an elastic band round your wrist, you have your puppet.

REAL HUMDINGER!

WANT to make things hum around your way? Then make this whirl-wind whizzer!

First, you'll need a piece of cardboard about five inches long and four wide. Now cut out the centre, leaving a one-inch frame at the top and bottom, and three-quarters of an inch at the sides—*better mark this out with a pencil before you cut.*

Now, make a small hole at one end, and tie a long piece of string through it. Then stretch four elastic bands over the frame and put a matchstick beneath them at either end.

That's it! Whizz your whizzer round your head by the string—and listen for results!

To lie in a hammock
Is perfect bliss,
But sometimes you finish up
Exactly like this!

What is it which occurs once in a minute, twice in a moment and not once in a thousand years?
The letter M.

What time is that which spelled backwards and forwards is the same?
Noon.

Fill a glass right to the brim with water and ask your mates how many pennies they can put in it without making any water spill out. They won't do better than two or three. So imagine their surprise when you get in as many as ten.

The secret is to slide in each penny gently by its edge. But there is also a hidden secret. . . . *Your glass must be DRY before you fill it—and you must be careful not to wet the brim while putting in the water.*

COIN CATCH!

With a coin in one hand, stretch both your arms out sideways. Now tell everyone that you are going to get the coin into your other hand without unstretching your arms.

For extra giggles—get your mates to try to do it first . . . then show 'em how.

When YOU do the trick, simply stand near a shelf level with your outstretched arms. You place the coin on the shelf then, still holding your arms out stiffly, turn to pick it up with the other hand. You haven't moved your arms at all!

Ask your mates how many pennies there are in a dozen. They'll say "Twelve." Now ask them how many half-pennies? They'll say "Twenty-four"—AND THEY WILL BE WRONG! *There are only twelve in a dozen!*

HIDDEN LETTERS ANSWER

There were FIFTEEN! They are

A, E, F, H, I, K, L, M, N, T, V, W, X, Y, Z.

£1 for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

My favourite feature in SMASH is:

.....

The Feature I don't like is:

.....

My age is:.....

To: Mr. Knowall, SMASH,

64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH

HEH! HEH! WE'RE YOUR EQUALS NOW, LITTLE RONNIE RICH! SNOWBALLS DON'T COST MONEY!
AAGH! ROTTERS! LEAVE ME ALONE!
GRRR! THEY KNOW I'M NO MATCH FOR THEM!
YEOW! I KNOW HOW I CAN GET RID OF MY LOLLY AND GET REVENGE ON THEM AT THE SAME TIME!
GOSH! NOW WHAT'S RONNIE UP TO...?
FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS—GOSH! JUST TO BORROW MY COMBINE HARVESTER!
HEH! HEH! IF A COMBINE BALES UP HAY—IT SHOULD DO THE SAME WITH—
-SNOW!
HELP! SAVE ME!
EEK!
BULLSEYE!
SPLAT!
WAA-AAH! RUN FOR IT! IT'S RONNIE RICH!
N-NO! MERCY! MERCY!
HO! HO! THIS IS THE BEST FUN I'VE HAD FOR YEARS—AND IT'S MADE ME BROKE!
HALLO! WHAT'S ALL THAT NOISE?
WHRR! CHUG! CHUG!
AAGH!
OH, HELP! I'VE SCOOPED UP P.C. CAPP!
HELP! HELP!
GULP! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE—QUICK!
MEANWHILE...
OCH AYE! HEH! HEH! NO ONE WILL SEE THROUGH THESE DISGUISES, SAM! WE'LL NEVER BE CAUGHT FOR THE GREAT PLANE ROBBERY!
RUBBISH, SAM! THERE'S NO ONE FOR MILES AROUND! NO ONE COULD HAVE HEARD ME!
ERK!
OH, NO? I HEARD EVERY WORD! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
WHAT A ROTTEN TRICK! SOB!
BOO! HOO! HOO! CAUGHT AT LAST!
OH, NO! I'M RICH AGAIN!
THANKS, RON! THEY'RE MUCH EASIER CARRIED NOW—AND THERE'S A THOUSAND POUNDS REWARD FOR THESE TWO! I'LL BRING IT ROUND!

The SWOTS and the BLOTS

AAH! IT'S BEEN SNOWING! EVERYTHING SMELLS NICE AND FRESH!

SNIFF!

AAGH!

SPLAT!

HORRIBLE PONG!

GASP!

STINK!

HEH! HEH! OLD *CYRIL* DOESN'T SMELL NICE AND FRESH! *SNIGGER!*

SNOOON!

THAT NASTY LITTLE BLOT IS PUTTING STINK BOMBS IN HIS SNOWBALLS!

SMELL!

STINK!

SICKLY GRIN.

GASP!

PONG!

SMELL!

NO TIME TO STAY AND WASH! I'M NEVER LATE FOR SCHOOL— AND NO NASTY BLOT IS GOING TO MAKE ME! *BOO, HOO, HOO!*

NASTY BLOTS— THEY MADE DEAR CYRIL SMELL LIKE THEM!

PONG!

STINK!

HEH! HEH! I KNEW CYRIL WAS A STINKER BUT— *PHEW!*

GRRR!

STINK!

PONG!

POO! CYRIL'S A GAS!

STINK!

PONG!

SMELLING SALTS

BILLY BLOT DID THIS TO ME, SIR! I DEMAND YOU CANE THE BLIGHTER!

IT'LL BE A *PLEASURE!*

IF I SEE ONE MORE STINK BOMB, MY LAD, I'LL—

SWISH-H-H-

MUFFLED TITTER!

THWACK!

HEH! HEH! I WAS KEEPING MY STINK BOMBS IN MY BACK POCKET AND TEACHER'S CANE CRACKED THEM OPEN!

HORRIBLE SMELL!

AAGH! GASP!

COO! TEACHER HAS FLAKED OUT! I'D BETTER GIVE HIM SOME ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION!

GASP!

THIS ISN'T WORKING! I'LL TRY THE KISS OF LIFE—

SMACK!

OOER! MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE TAKEN MY CHEWING GUM OUT FIRST!

HERE! HAVE YOUR TEETH BACK!

GRRR! HOP IT, YOU LITTLE FOOL! LEAVE IT TO SOMEBODY WHO HAS GOT A LITTLE BRAINS —NOT A DRIED-UP PEA!

COME ON, SIR! TAKE A NICE, BIG SNIFF!

SNIFF!

SMELL SALTS

?

LEAP-P

AAGH!

WAA-AAH! GASP! THE MONSTERS! THEY MUST'VE PUT A STINK BOMB INTO THE SMELLING SALTS! GASP! GASP!

PONG!

BLACK BLOB

GROAN!

HEH! HEH! DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D BETTER GO UP AND GET SIR— YOU PUT HIM THERE! *SNIGGER!*

ER— TEACHER, SIR? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? SPEAK TO ME! *GULP!*

TCH! TCH! I'D BETTER PULL THOSE NAILS OUT! THEY'RE STICKING UP TOO FAR! HEH! HEH!

COO! HOW DID *THAT* HAPPEN?

YOU MONSTERS!

AAGH!

LIFT-T-T

COME IN, DOCTOR! THERE'S BEEN A LITTLE-ER-ACCIDENT! *SNIGGER!*

GROAN!

RUSH-H-H

OUT YOU COME! *YOU* CAN BE FIRST!

MOAN!

WHEN THE CASUALTIES HAVE BEEN PATCHED-UP . . .

SICKLY OINTMENT SMELL!

GROAN! MUMBLE!

GRRR!

COR! *WHAT A PONG!* GIVE US STINK BOMBS EVERY DAY!

GORGANZOLA

PONG!

I'D RATHER SMELL THIS ROTTEN CHEESE THAN SMELL SWOTS!

DOWN WITH THE PONG!

WHO'D HAVE MY STINKING JOB! *SIGH!*

PONG!

STINK!

SICKLY SMELL!

LAVENDER

WHAT KIND OF OINTMENT IS *THAT?* *SNIGGER!*

THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T ALLOW *SNOWMEN* IN CLASS, TEACH? TEE-HEE!

BLOT STINK BOMB SUPPLY DEPOT

BLOT ANTI-GAS SHELTER

I'M GOING TO CAN THESE STINKS FOR FUTURE USE!

C.I.C.E.

THE INCREDIBLE HULK

IT'S THE GREAT NEW-STYLE HULK SERIES THAT YOU THE GREAT NEW-STYLE READERS HAVE DEMANDED!

BEGINNING WITH THIS ISSUE, OL' GREEN SKIN AND HIS FUN-LOVING FRIENDS WILL BE CO-FEATURED EACH AND EVERY WEEK (AS LONG AS YOU CAN STAND IT!)

IN A HIDDEN CAVE, BENEATH THE BURNING SANDS OF NEW MEXICO, WE FIND...

NO! NOT AGAIN! DON'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN!!

I DON'T WANT TO CHANGE! I WANT TO REMAIN AS I AM!

I WANT TO BE... THE HULK!! I WANT TO LASH OUT... DESTROY MY ENEMIES... I WANT... OHHH!

...IT'S TOO LATE!! IT'S OVER!! I'M MYSELF AGAIN! THE HULK IS GONE! THANK HEAVEN THE NIGHTMARE HAS ENDED ONCE MORE!

BUT HAS IT ENDED? HOW DO I KNOW WHAT IS REALITY? AM I REALLY BRUCE BANNER... OR IS THE HULK MY TRUE SELF? IF ONLY... IF ONLY I COULD FIND A WAY TO STOP MYSELF FROM CHANGING!

A SHORT TIME LATER, AT A NEARBY AIR FORCE MISSILE BASE...

I'LL TELL YOU WHY BANNER HAS DISAPPEARED! IT'S BECAUSE HE KNOWS THE ROBOT HE BUILT IS A FLOP, AND HE HASN'T THE BACKBONE TO STAY AND ADMIT HIS FAILURE!!

OH, DAD, I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE THAT OF BRUCE! HE'S NEVER LET YOU DOWN BEFORE! IF HE SAID HIS ROBOT WILL WORK, THEN I JUST KNOW IT WILL! YOU'LL SEE!

BAH!! ALL I SEE IS THE FACT THAT MY DAUGHTER IS IN LOVE WITH A WEAKLING! HOW YOU CAN PICK HIM WHEN THERE ARE SO MANY TWO-FISTED, RED-BLOODED MEN AROUND HERE, I DON'T KNOW!

BRUCE IS AS COURAGEOUS AS ANY MAN, DAD! I JUST KNOW HE IS! AND I'M SURE HE'LL BE HERE SOON!

© Marvel Comic Group 1967

THEN, AS IF IN ANSWER TO BETTY ROSS'S WORDS...

SORRY! NO ONE'S ADMITTED IN THE "ROBOT ROOM" WITHOUT... OH... IT'S YOU, DOCTOR BANNER! GENERAL ROSS IS WAITING!

THANKS, SOLDIER! I'LL GO RIGHT IN!

SO! NO ONE IS ALLOWED TO SEE BANNER'S TOP SECRET ROBOT, EH? THIS WILL MAKE MY JOB A BIT HARDER!

LOOK, DAD! IT'S BRUCE! I TOLD YOU HE'D RETURN!

BANNER! WHERE IN SAM HILL HAVE YOU BEEN?? I WAS ALL SET TO TEST THAT INFERNAL ROBOT OF YOURS WITHOUT YOU!!

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, SIR! I'LL DO IT!

BRUCE, YOU KNOW I DON'T WANT TO PRY INTO YOUR PRIVATE LIFE! BUT THESE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCES OF YOURS... DAD IS ALWAYS READY TO THINK THE WORST! AND, AS FOR ME...!

IF ONLY I DARED TELL HER MY TERRIBLE SECRET! BUT I CAN NOT! NO ONE MUST EVER KNOW!

I'M SORRY, BETTY! I CAN'T EXPLAIN! YOU'LL HAVE TO TRUST ME! YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO BE PATIENT, UNTIL THE DAY I CAN TELL YOU MORE...!

OH, BRUCE I DO TRUST YOU! YOU KNOW I DO!

LATER, AS BRUCE BANNER WORKS ON HIS ROBOT...

THIS WILL BE THE MOST INDESTRUCTIBLE MACHINE ON EARTH! BY GOING INSIDE OF IT, A MAN WILL BE ABLE TO GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO AN ATOMIC EXPLOSION TO STUDY IT MORE CAREFULLY THAN EVER BEFORE!

IF ONLY I CAN FINISH IT BEFORE.. BEFORE I BECOME THE HULK AGAIN!

IF ONLY I COULD WORK WITHOUT ALL THIS PRESSURE... WITHOUT WORRYING ABOUT GENERAL ROSS... ABOUT THE HULK... ABOUT BETTY...

SOMETIMES I FEEL AS THOUGH ALL THE STRAIN, THE WORRY... WILL MAKE ME GO MAD!!

WAIT! THAT'S IT! THAT'S THE ANSWER! NOW I KNOW WHY I CHANGE TO THE HULK, AND BACK AGAIN!

"IT'S ALL SO CLEAR TO ME NOW! IT ONLY HAPPENS WHEN I'M THE MOST WORRIED... WHEN THE PRESSURE BECOMES UNBEARABLE!"

"THE STRAIN MUST SET OFF A CHEMICAL REACTION IN MY BLOOD CELLS WHICH CAUSES THEM TO CHANGE THEIR BASIC ATOMIC STRUCTURE..."

"...DUE TO THE FACT I WAS ONCE BATHED IN GAMMA RAYS, * THE CHANGING BLOOD CELLS TAKE ON NEW CHARACTERISTICS, GROWING MANY TIMES MORE POWERFUL..."

*THE STORY OF HOW THE HULK ORIGINATED WAS TOLD IN SMASH NO. 16... ALF.

"AND, WHEN I'M THE HULK, IT ALL WORKS IN REVERSE! WHEN I'M UNDER THE HEAVIEST POSSIBLE STRAIN, THE CHEMISTRY STARTS AGAIN, AND I REVERT BACK TO BRUCE BANNER!!"

AND NOW THAT I KNOW, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS AVOID ANY STRAIN, ANY UNDUE PRESSURE, OR WORRY, AND I WON'T CHANGE TO THE HULK!

IT SOUNDS EASY... BUT HOW DOES A MAN STOP HIMSELF FROM WORRYING? HOW DOES...

BANNER, OUR TESTING TIME HAS BEEN MOVED UP! HAVE THAT CONTRAPTION READY AT 0800 HOURS TOMORROW MORNING!

UH-OH! THE GENERAL!

NO! YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS! IT ISN'T POSSIBLE!

LOOK, MISTER, EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE A CIVILIAN, WHEN YOU WORK FOR THIS COMMAND, YOU'RE SUBJECT TO MY ORDERS! DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?

I'VE GOT TO STAY CALM! I MUSTN'T LET MYSELF GET EXCITED!

YES, SIR! I UNDERSTAND!

AND SO, BRUCE BANNER WORKS FEVERISHLY THROUGH THE NIGHT, LIKE A MAN POSSESSED!

I'VE GOT TO HAVE IT FINISHED IN TIME! I'VE GOT TO PASS THE TEST TOMORROW MORNING!

WHAT'S THAT NOISE?? SOMEONE IN THE HALL, OUTSIDE! BUT... WHO??

LEAVING HIS ROBOT FOR A MOMENT, BANNER STEPS INTO THE HALL, TO SEE...

THERE WAS SOMEONE... SNOOPING OUTSIDE THE DOOR! MUST BE A SPY! THERE HE GOES!!

STOP!! COME BACK HERE! YOU WON'T GET AWAY!

BUT, IN THE EXCITEMENT OF THE CHASE, BRUCE BANNER FORGETS HIMSELF... FORGETS THE ONE THING HE WAS DETERMINED NOT TO DO...!

I.. I'VE ALLOWED MYSELF TO BECOME TENSE.. EXCITED! IT'S CAUSING ANOTHER CHEMICAL REACTION WITHIN ME! I CAN FEEL IT! OH, NO... NO! I'VE GOT TO STOP IT!!

I'VE GOT TO FIGHT IT!! MUSTN'T LET IT HAPPEN... NOT NOW... NOT AGAIN!

TOO LATE! CAN'T RESIST ANY MORE! AND... WHY SHOULD I WANT TO BE THE WEAK, POWERLESS BRUCE BANNER... ??

...WHEN I CAN BE THE INVINCIBLE HULK INSTEAD!!!

WITH ONE MIGHTY LEAP, THE MOST POWERFUL LIVING MORTAL ON EARTH HURTLES AWAY FROM THE MISSILE BASE TOWARDS THE HILLS IN THE DISTANCE!

I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY... OUT WHERE THERE'S ROOM TO MOVE... TO FLEX MY MUSCLES! TO PLAN MY NEXT ATTACK!

WHILE BACK AT THE BASE, AS DAWN IS BREAKING, THE UNKNOWN MAN WHOM BANNER HAD BEEN CHASING, BUT WHOM THE HULK FORGOT ABOUT, BACKTRACKS AND RETURNS TO THE HUGE ROBOT, AFTER OVERPOWERING AN UNSUSPECTING WATCHMAN...

BANNER HIMSELF WAS SUPPOSED TO TEST THIS ROBOT... BUT HE'S DISAPPEARED! THIS IS MY CHANCE! NO ONE WILL SUSPECT WHO'S *REALLY* INSIDE!

AND AT 0800 HOURS, ON THE ISOLATED TESTING GROUNDS...

WELL! BANNER'S ON *TIME*, FOR ONCE! ALL RIGHT, GET THE TEST STARTED! TAKE YOUR POSITIONS!

WILL THERE BE ANY *DANGER?*

NOT A CHANCE, MISS ROSS! WITH DR. BANNER OPERATING THE ROBOT, EVERYTHING'S SURE TO GO AS SMOOTH AS CLOCKWORK!

BUT, SUDDENLY...

GENERAL! WE FOUND THIS MAN... HE'S BEEN KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS OUTSIDE OF THE ROBOT ROOM!

IT MUST HAVE BEEN DR. BANNER WHO DID IT! HE WAS THE ONLY ONE IN THE BUILDING! BUT... WHY WOULD HE *DO* IT?

BANNER?? ATTACKED YOU? THAT MEANS HE MUST HAVE *CRACKED UP!* WE CAN'T LET HIM OPERATE THAT SUPER-POWERFUL ROBOT!! IT'LL BE TOO DANGEROUS! QUICK, GIVE THE ORDER TO *STOP THE TEST!*

DAD, IT'S *TOO LATE!*

THE TEST HAS STARTED *ALREADY!* SEE? THE ROBOT IS HEADING TOWARDS THE TEST EXPLOSIONS!

HE CAN'T BE ALLOWED TO REMAIN AT LARGE... NOT AT THE CONTROLS OF ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL MACHINES EVER BUILT! *QUICK*... DISPATCH THAT REMOTE CONTROL TANK TO STOP THE ROBOT!

DAD! DON'T DO ANYTHING TO HURT *BRUCE!!*

BUT, THOUGH NO ONE YET SUSPECTS IT, BRUCE BANNER IS NOT THE MAN INSIDE THE ROBOT!

BANNER BUILT THIS DEVICE *WELL!* THAT SHELL BOUNCED OFF LIKE A POP-GUN CORK! WHAT A WEAPON THIS WILL BE FOR ME TO SELL TO A FOREIGN COUNTRY!!

IT'S STILL FIRING AT ME! NOW THAT I KNOW WHAT A MIGHTY DEFENSIVE WEAPON THIS ROBOT IS, I'LL FIND OUT HOW GOOD IT IS ON THE *OFFENSIVE!*

IT'S ALMOST BEYOND BELIEF! BY OPERATING THE CONTROLS FROM INSIDE HERE, I'VE DESTROYED THE UNMANNED TANK WITH ONE BLOW OF THE ROBOT'S ARM!!

SIR! WE'VE LOST CONTACT WITH THE DRONE TANK! THE ROBOT MUST HAVE SOMEHOW *DESTROYED* IT!!

WHAT?! ALERT ALL UNITS!! I WANT EVERY ABLE-BODIED MAN! THAT ROBOT MUST BE *STOPPED!*

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, INSIDE THE INDESTRUCTIBLE MACHINE, THE LONE OCCUPANT MAKES A SHOCKING DISCOVERY---

THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION SOMEHOW *FUSED* THE HATCH DOOR SHUT! I CAN'T GET OUT! I'M *TRAPPED* IN HERE!

BUT WHY SHOULD I *CARE?* I HAVE ALL THE ROOM I *NEED* INSIDE HERE! THE ROBOT CAN GET ME FOOD... WATER... WHATEVER I NEED... AND, AS LONG AS I REMAIN INSIDE, *NOTHING* CAN HARM ME! THE *WORLD* WILL BE *MINE!*

BUT, A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, BALEFUL EYES WATCH THE LUMBERING METAL MONSTER...

COMING TOWARD ME... IT LOOKS FAMILIAR...!

THEN, A HAZY MEMORY SEEMS TO FORM IN THE HULK'S STRANGELY CLOUDED BRAIN...

NOW I KNOW! *BANNER* BUILT IT! MADE IT SUPER-POWERFUL! MUST HAVE BUILT IT TO DEFEAT *ME!!*

IT'S COMING TO *ATTACK ME!!* BUT I'LL PROVE THAT *NOTH'NG* CAN BEAT THE HULK... *NOTHING!!*

THE *HULK*... CHARGING TOWARD ME! BUT I NEED'N'T FEAR! EVEN *HE* CAN'T HARM ME NOW!

THIS WILL BE THE GREATEST TEST! IF I CAN SURVIVE AN ATTACK BY THE *HULK*, THEN I'M TRULY ALL-POWERFUL INSIDE THE INVINCIBLE ROBOT!!

CLANG!

AND THEN AND THERE, FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER RECORDED, THE AWESOME FISTS OF THE HULK ARE POWERLESS AGAINST A STRONGER FOE!!

NOW I KNOW THAT I HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR, FROM ANYONE OR ANYTHING!!

BUT, BRUCE BANNER HAD NOT DESIGNED HIS ROBOT FOR BATTLE... AND ITS SUBSEQUENT MOVEMENTS ARE TOO SLOW TO BOTHER ITS GREEN-SKINNED FOE!

WHOOM!

WHAT SUPREME IRONY!! THE HULK, WHO IS IN TRUTH BRUCE BANNER HIMSELF, FIGHTS SAVAGELY TO DEFEAT ONE OF DR. BANNER'S GREATEST CREATIONS!!

HAH! I *KNEW* A KICK FROM ONE OF MY *LEGS* WOULD KNOCK YOU OVER!!

BANNER SHOULD HAVE KNOWN *BETTER* THAN TO THINK HE COULD EVER MAKE ANYTHING THAT COULD DEFEAT THE *HULK!*

ANOTHER IRONIC FACT IS THAT THE HULK CAN NEVER CLEARLY COMPREHEND THE TRUTH... THE FACT THAT HE AND BRUCE BANNER ARE REALLY ONE AND THE SAME!!

AND NOW, I'LL *FINISH* YOU... AS ONLY THE *HULK* CAN!

CRASH!

IT STILL *STANDS!!*

AND THEN, IN A PAROXYSM OF RAGE AND FURY, THE HULK SEIZES THE TEN-TON ROBOT, LIFTING IT AS THOUGH IT WERE WEIGHTLESS, AND...

I'LL LET THE BRAINLESS BRUTE WEAR HIMSELF OUT...!

BUT, MIGHTY AS HE IS, THE HULK IS *STILL* MERELY A LIVING BEING... WHILE BRUCE BANNER HAD DESIGNED HIS ROBOT TO WITHSTAND THE EFFECTS OF AN *ATOMIC BLAST* WITHOUT SUFFERING DAMAGE!

WITHIN THIS INDESTRUCTIBLE CASING, SURROUNDED BY CUSHIONING, I DON'T FEEL A THING!!

WHILE THE HULK, HAVING NEVER FACED A FOE WHOM HE COULDN'T SMASH BY SHEER BRUTE FORCE, GOES UNCONTROLLABLY BERSERK!

SO INTENSE IS HIS RAGE... SO LIVID IS HIS FURY... THAT HE IS UNAWARE OF THE TELLTALE SYMPTOMS WHICH INDICATE THAT HE IS ABOUT TO CHANGE IDENTITIES ONCE MORE, AS HE KEEPS POUNDING AND POUNDING... BUT TO NO AVAIL!

ALTHOUGH HE ISN'T YET AWARE OF IT, HIS HEARTBEAT HAS SPEEDED UP... HIS PULSE-RATE HAS CHANGED... AND HIS BLOOD CELLS ARE BEGINNING TO EFFECT ANOTHER CHANGE IN HIS CHEMICAL MAKEUP!

AND THEN, IT BEGINS TO HAPPEN, AS HIS HEAD SEEMS TO WHIRL IN A DIZZY FOG!!

I'M CHANGING AGAIN... TURNING BACK INTO THAT WEAKLING, DR. BANNER...!

EVERYTHING SPINNING 'ROUND!! CAN'T KEEP MY BALANCE... CAN'T SEE...

HAVE TO GET AWAY... ESCAPE BEFORE IT HAPPENS...!!

ROBOT... COMING AFTER ME NOW... CAN'T STAY AND FIGHT... HE MUSTN'T SEE ME CHANGE...!

NOW IT'S MY TURN, HULK! YOU'VE WORN YOURSELF OUT! YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO DODGE MY BLOWS!!

STILL A FEW SECONDS BEFORE THE CHANGE HAPPENS!! I'VE GOT TO ROLL AWAY NOW... DOWN THE HILL ...BEFORE HE GRABS ME!

MADE IT!!

I'VE BEATEN YOU! NOW I NEED FEAR NOTHING THAT LIVES!

NOT LONG AFTERWARDS, A DETAIL OF SEARCHING TROOPS MAKES AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY...

IT'S DOCTOR BANNER!! HE'S STILL ALIVE!!

BETTER CALL THE GENERAL! HE'LL WANT TO KNOW WE'VE FOUND HIM!

AND, A FEW MINUTES LATER...

SO THERE YOU ARE! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE ROBOT? WHERE IS IT??

BRUCE! ARE YOU HURT?? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I-I'M ALL RIGHT! BUT... I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE ROBOT IS! I WASN'T IN IT!!

THEN, AFTER BRUCE BANNER HAS EXPLAINED ABOUT THE SPY...

DON'T LIE TO ME, BOY!! THERE WAS NO SPY, AND YOU KNOW IT! IT WAS YOU ALONE INSIDE THAT INFERNAL MACHINE! NOW WHERE DID YOU HIDE IT? TALK!!

DAD!! PLEASE DON'T! CAN'T YOU SEE HE ISN'T WELL?!

WHAT?!! YES, I UNDERSTAND, SIR! I'LL TELL THE GENERAL! OVER AND OUT!

SIR, IT SEEMS BANNER IS TELLING THE TRUTH! THE ROBOT HAS BEEN SIGHTED IN THE DESERT! IT'S MOVING UNDER ITS OWN POWER, SO SOMEBODY ELSE MUST BE INSIDE!

WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE! ORDER A PURSUIT... ON THE DOUBLE!

OH, BRUCE, ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL! YOU'RE IN THE CLEAR!

AM I? I WONDER!

JUST AS THE INCREDIBLE HULK CAN ONLY REMEMBER HIS LIFE AS BRUCE BANNER THROUGH A DIM, HAZY RECOLLECTION, SO TOO CAN BRUCE BANNER REMEMBER WHAT HAS HAPPENED WHEN HE WAS THE HULK ONLY IN A VAGUE, FLEETING WAY...

I SEEM TO RECALL... THE HULK COULDN'T STOP THE ROBOT... AND NOT EVEN AN ATOMIC BLAST CAN STOP IT! THAT MEANS I HAVE MENACED MANKIND A SECOND TIME!!

WHEN I BECOME THE HULK, ALL OF HUMANITY IS IN DANGER! AND THIS ROBOT, WHICH I BUILT TO PROTECT THE HUMAN RACE, MAY TURN OUT TO BE A GREATER DANGER THAN THE HULK HIMSELF!

GENERAL, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO... I'VE GOT TO CONSTRUCT A SECOND ROBOT, EVEN MORE POWERFUL THAN THE FIRST! IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO DEFEAT THE OTHER ONE!

FORGET IT, BANNER! I'LL STOP THAT ROBOT OF YOURS... AND I'LL DO IT MY WAY! YOU'VE CAUSED ENOUGH HARM AROUND HERE ALREADY!

AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, I STILL DON'T TRUST YOU AS FAR AS I CAN THROW YOU! AND I'M GOING TO REPORT MY SUSPICIONS TO THE PENTAGON! I DON'T CARE HOW BIG A GENIUS YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE!

BRUCE... DAD JUST CAN'T MEAN IT!

HE MEANS IT, BETTY! AND HE MAY BE RIGHT! PERHAPS I SHOULDN'T REMAIN HERE ANY LONGER!

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BUT YOU'VE DONE SO MANY WONDERFUL THINGS! YOU'VE HARNESSED THE ENERGY OF THE GAMMA RAYS! YOU'VE SUPERVISED DOZENS OF NUCLEAR WEAPONS TESTS! GIVE DAD TIME, BRUCE... HE'LL COOL OFF... I'M SURE OF IT!

BUT AS LONG AS I REMAIN HERE I'M A DANGER... TO THE POST... TO MYSELF, AND MOST OF ALL... TO YOU, BETTY... YOU, WHO'LL NEVER KNOW HOW MUCH YOU MEAN TO ME!

BUT THE REAL REASON I WANT YOU TO STAY IS... THAT I LOVE YOU... AND I ALWAYS WILL... EVEN THOUGH I KNOW I HAVEN'T A CHANCE WITH YOU, BRUCE, MY DEAREST!

WELL, THAT'S IT FOR NOW! THE ROBOT WHICH CAN'T BE STOPPED IS STILL AT LARGE! BRUCE BANNER IS STILL NUMBER ONE ON THE GENERAL'S HATE PARADE! THE HULK FINALLY FOUND A FOE HE CAN'T DEFEAT! AND, AS IF THAT ISN'T ENOUGH... A NEW THREAT TO POOR BRUCE WILL BE INTRODUCED NEXT ISH!

SO, FOR MORE OF THE SAME, DON'T MISS THE NEXT CHAPTER OF THE ONLY COMIC MAG SUPER-HERO SOAP OPERA IN EXISTENCE! SEE YOU IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SMASH!

BE A SMASHER — AND WIN

WRITE TO SMASH! £1

To: SMASH!,
64 LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2.

* * *

Dear Alf and Cos,

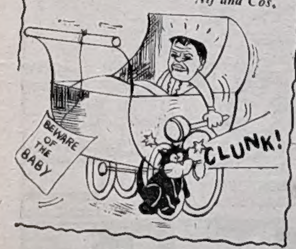
Last week you printed a letter from a boy who was 16 and still reads Smash! Here's some news. My sister who's 1½ looks at Smash! She likes Batman, Percy's Pets and says "Daddy, Daddy" when she sees the Hulk.

Keep Smashing!

Jeffrey Brice,
Chard, Somerset.

There's just one thing we'd like to know. When your sister calls the Hulk "Daddy" is your father flattered or suicidal?

Alf and Cos.



Dear Smash!,

I think you've got a great mag. In fact, it's the best on the market. My first Smash! was free. You see, my Mum works in a book shop and I read a comic (yours that is) and, when I saw how good it was, I gave up one of my old, trashy comics and got yours.

I like your Mr. Knowall's page. I tried the "clicking nose" trick on one of my pals. He turned as green as the Joker's hair, as green as even the Hulk! He walked away wriggling his nose from side to side.

Hey, I've just heard the news about a new Power comic, POW! It's a real knockout. Bye now, but I hope this letter makes it. It's my second try.

Michael Mathieson,
Bognor Regis, Sussex.

P.S.—My initials could stand for Marvel Mags.

Now that's a nice friendly letter if ever we read one! We'll let you into one of the best-kept secrets of the century, Mike. Want to know who Mr. Knowall is? Well, we'll tell you. It's really Cos. He writes all those gags himself—and he's so puffed up with pride after reading your words of praise that he's been clicking his nose all day.

Alf.

Dear Alf and Cos,

When Smash! came out I tried to get it because of the free gifts, but I couldn't get one until issue number 3. I liked it so much that I bought it with my pocket money. Now I am lucky because my Mum ordered it for me.

Yours SMASHingly,
Nicholas Howe,
Exeter.

P.S.—Please print my letter in SMASH! because we never won anything before.

Nick—with a Mum like you've got you can't go wrong. We wouldn't want you to think we're telling you what to do with your money—but how about buying her a bar of chocolate or something out of the crisp pound note that's on its way to you? Just between you and us, she deserves it!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

In Smash! issue 43 I see that you have run out of Hulk sweatshirts. I'm so sad I almost cried when I read it. I wish you would put Dare Devil in Pow! when it comes out in January. Oh, by the way, I have about 151 comics of which I have 76 Marvel and 75 DC.

I don't think this letter will be printed because I never had anything printed in a comic before.

Neville Ewing,
Bebington, Cheshire.

So you didn't think your letter would be printed! We understand just how you feel, Neville. Know something? We're always slightly amazed when we see the things we've written actually appearing in print! And we bet you keep reading those printed words of yours over and over again. Quit blushing about it, though—all us authors do it!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

When I read Smash! No. 43 I was surprised to see that the Hulk won the Thing because I thought that the Thing was much better and stronger. I'm now hoping that the Thing will win the Hulk. Will you have some more fights like these because I think they're great. I don't know why I'm writing this letter because I never get one printed, so I'm also hoping I get this one printed.

Martin Meadowcroft,
Moorside, Lancs.

We must confess we're still slightly breathless ourselves from that classic clash between blue-eyed Benjy and the jolly green giant! But we must straighten you out on one point. The HULK is bigger than the THING, although the THING is faster on his feet.

We're hoping for some more battles between our two favourite bruisers. The trouble is in trying to keep 'em in training.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I was getting a bit fed up with my pal telling me about this comic called "Smash!", so I read it and then went down to the newsagent and placed a regular order. I got my first copy this week and wrote to tell you that you have got yourself a new faithful reader. I thought it was great.

SMASHingly yours,
Freddie Anderson,
Boghall, West Lothian,

Congratulations, Fred! We wish you could see how proud of you we are! You have now joined the select society of Britain's best and brightest bunch of fans! They're the Power-Crazed Power Pack—and when it comes to comics everyone of 'em can tell talk from stutter a full ten yards from a newsagent's counter! So long as you promise that, come what may, you'll not let your standards slip, we hereby appoint you the highest honour within our power to bestow—A Keeper of the Flame!

Alf and Cos.

Most of you love SMASH!, but if you want to love it MORE—just fill in the form and send it in with your letter. We'll take note of what you say, and you'll finish up with 28 pages of pure bliss!

My favourite feature in SMASH! is:

.....

The feature I don't like is:

.....

To: SMASH, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE

GOSH, THIS IS A SMASHING WAR FILM!

COME ON, LAD! THERE'S TWO FOOT OF SNOW ON THE PATH WAITING TO BE CLEARED!

AW, MUM! IT'S JUST AT THE EXCITING BIT! THE BRITISH HAVE GOT THE JERRY COMMANDER TRAPPED!

BAH! I'LL MISS HALF OF IT NOW!

LEAVE IT TO US, CHARLIE! WE'LL CLEAR THAT PATH IN NO TIME AT ALL!

THIS IS EASIER THAN FLUSHING OUT JERRIES! IT WON'T TAKE LONG THIS WAY!

WOW! A FLAME-THROWER IN ACTION!

HEH! HEH! NOW IS MY CHANCE TO ESCAPE THE BRITISH!

GREAT HOWLING HOWITZERS! HE'S ESCAPED! AFTER HIM!

OH, HELP! I'VE DONE IT NOW!

FOOD, ENGLISH PIG! I'VE BEEN HOLED UP FOR DAYS! I'M STARVING! HURRY! HURRY!

HELP! I THOUGHT THE WAR WAS OVER!

THERE HE IS! TAKE HIM ALIVE!

FOOLS OF ENGLISHERS! YOU SHALL NOT TAKE ME!

OUCH! ME NUT!

OH, HECK! HE'S GOT AWAY! WHAT NOW?

USE BUBBLY SOAP!

FUNNY GUY!

COO! MAYBE HE'S RIGHT!

YOU NEVER KNOW— HE MIGHT SLIP ON IT!

HUH! THAT ONLY HAPPENS IN COMIC STRIPS! THAT'S A GOOD BAR OF MY SOAP WASTED!

GROCER

MISSED! *THERE*, WHAT DID I TELL YOU!

ENGLISH FOOLS! NO ONE WILL CATCH *ME*!

IT'S NO GOOD! HE'S GONE— AND HE'S GOT ENOUGH FOOD TO HIDE AWAY FOR DAYS! WE'LL NEVER FIND HIM!

?

YOU AND YOUR BLINKING PATH— NOW WE'VE LOST A VALUABLE GERMAN PRISONER! WE'LL GET A COURT MARTIAL FOR THIS!

I DIDN'T ASK YOU TO HELP!

???

BUBBLES??? FROM A DUSTBIN? SOMETHING FISHY THERE!

AHA! OUR GERMAN FRIEND!

HO! HO! HE MUST'VE MISTAKEN THE SOAP FOR A BUN OR SOMETHING IN THE DARK!

IN YOU GO! YOU WON'T GET AWAY AGAIN— THAT'S FOR SURE!

WELL, THAT SOAP WORKED AFTER ALL!

WE'RE TAKING NO CHANCES! YOU CAN FINISH THAT LOT YOURSELF!

OH, NO!

USE BUBBLY SOAP!

VERY FUNNY! NOW I WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE THE REST OF THE FILM AFTER ALL!

MEET THE BOY WHO DOESN'T KNOW HIS OWN STRENGTH...

TUFFY McGREW

HO-HO-HO! I LIKE THE SNOW! IT GIVES ME A CHANCE TO PRACTISE MY WINTER SPORTS!

WHEEE! THERE'S NO SPORTS LIKE SNOW SPORTS!

EEK! PERIL APPROACHES! —HELP!

CRASH!

COR! IT'S A GOOD JOB I ONLY GOT HIT ON THE HEAD—OTHERWISE I MIGHT HAVE HURT MYSELF!

LATER...

HA! HA! I WON'T GET MY TOBOGGAN SMASHED UP THIS TIME—I'VE BUILT MYSELF AN ARMOUR-PLATED ONE!

WHEEE! HERE WE GO AGAIN! NO SILLY OL' TREES'LL STOP ME NOW!

OH, CRIKEY! THIS TOBOGGAN IS A LOT HEAVIER THAN THE OTHER ONE! IT'S GOING TOO FAST!

GULP! I'LL HAVE TO TRY TO GRAB ONE OF THOSE TREES TO SLOW MYSELF DOWN!

GRAB!

OOER! IT CAME OUT IN MY HAND! I'LL HAVE TO TRY AGAIN!

CRIKEY! I'VE HARDLY SLOWED UP AT ALL! IF I'M NOT CAREFUL I'M GOING TO CRASH INTO OUR HOUSE!

CRUNCH!

WHAT WAS THAT YOU SAID, TUFFY? —

ER—HALLO, MUM!

HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU TO USE THE BACK DOOR, YOU NAUGHTY BOY?

BUT AS YOU'VE BROUGHT ME SOME WOOD FOR MY FIRE, I'LL FORGIVE YOU!

AND THANKS FOR MAKING THAT NICE HOLE IN THE WALL! THE FIRE WOULDN'T GO BEFORE, BUT NOW THERE'S A NICE DRAUGHT AND IT'S GOING JOLLY WELL!

CRACKLE!

SPLUTTER!

COR! TEN BOB! NOW I CAN BUY SOME MORE EQUIPMENT! AND I KNOW JUST WHAT IT'S GOING TO BE...!

I'M PLAYIN' SAFE THIS TIME—I'VE GOT AN ANCHOR!

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

THE MAN FROM BUNGLE HAS RESCUED PROFESSOR PYE FROM DR. GOOLE'S CLUTCHES AND THEY THINK THEY ARE SAFE HIDING IN A HUT UNTIL NIGHT FALL.

COME TO DOCTOR! SNIGGER!

BUT IT IS NO ORDINARY HUT—THE TWERP'S BUNGLED AGAIN!

SINK

HEH! HEH! GET TO WORK, LADS!

SPOOLSH!

HEH! HEH! THE DOC'S A PROPER OLD COMIC! WE'LL MAKE IT AN EARLY NIGHT FOR THE MAN FROM BUNGLE! SNIGGER!

COO! IT'S GOT DARK VERY QUICKLY TO-NIGHT, PROFESSOR! TIME WE WERE HOPPING IT!

HEH! HEH! IT'S DARK ALL RIGHT! SEE—THE STARS ARE OUT! HO! HO!

BLATTER!

BLAT!

BASH!

BONK!

AAGH! A TRAP! WAA-AAH!

NIGHTY-NIGHT! TIME FOR BEDDIE-BYES! I'LL THINK UP A FEW NIGHT-MARES FOR YOU! HEH! HEH!

I'VE GOT A NEAT LITTLE TRICK TO GET US OUT OF THIS MESS!

— JUST TAP THE OL' BOWLER AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE PICTURE, AN' —

CLICK!

TAP!

THERE WE ARE! A LOVELY MARK VI LASER GUN!

VOING!

BUZZZ!

GOSH! THAT'S A BRIGHT IDEA!

NOW TO BURN THROUGH THE ROPES!

RIGHTO! I'LL JUST SNAP THESE, THEN I'LL BURN YOURS THROUGH, PROF!

NOW WE GET OUT OF HERE BY CUTTING A HOLE IN THE CEILING!

BUZZ!

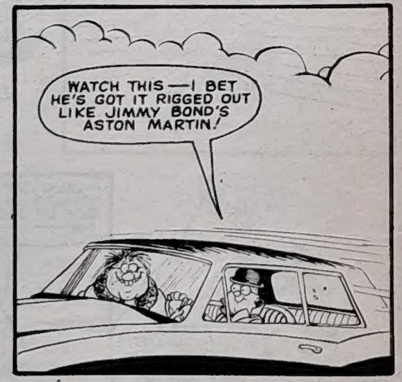
THAT'S IT—ALMOST FINISHED! WATCH OUT OR IT'LL CLOBBER YOU!

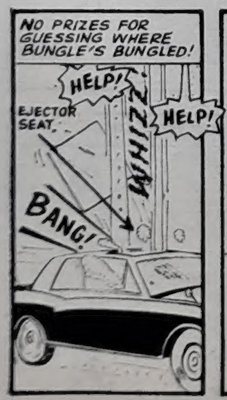
STAND BY—HERE IT COMES!

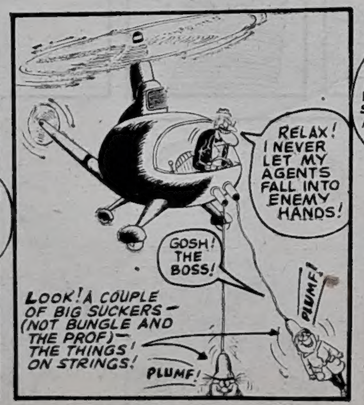
MEANWHILE, UPSTAIRS...

HEE! HEE! NOW THE ROCKET'S CUT AND DOWN IT COMES—WHEEE!

HA! HA! I'VE GOT THE DOCTOR'S PLANS! WE CAN FOIL EVERY MOVE HE MAKES IF HE TRIES TO USE IT!
LET'S BORROW HIS CAR IF IT'S OUTSIDE!
THUNDERING HOOVES






RELAX! I NEVER LET MY AGENTS FALL INTO ENEMY HANDS!
GOSH! THE BOSS!
PLUMF!
LOOK! A COUPLE OF BIG SUCKERS—(NOT BUNGLE AND THE PROF)—THE THINGS! ON STRINGS!
PLUMF!

NEXT WEEK: A GINK IN CHINA!

from the floor of 64

64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

THIS week is the time of the year for making New Year Resolutions—and any time during the following fifty-one weeks is the time for breaking 'em! But meantime, here in the garret, we've all been making the devastating decisions that are going to give each of us a whole new way of life for 1967.

For instance, Alf's resolution is to try and keep the HULK and the THING apart—they made such a mess of SMASH! the last time they met up with each other!

Cos has decided to preserve the sanity of all those frantically enquiring readers by revealing the fascinating facts of his identity. His name is Al Cosser—'Cos' is short for 'Cosser', see?

Big Bart has decided to give up singing while he's working. (It took the rest of the garret crowd a half-hour of sitting on his head to make him decide on this one!)

Jay-Jay Jackson has resolved not to send any paintings to the Royal Academy this year.

And Merry Margaret Smith has resolved to make the tea weaker in 1967. She says the whole gang has been getting too high-spirited!

While we're at it—here are a few more resounding resolutions that have been made.

Batman—To put in a little more cricket practice.

The HULK—To take up body-building.

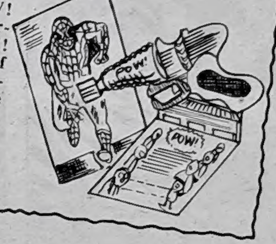
Spiderman—To step up his search for a Tarantula girl friend.

Rubberman—To prove that genuine rubber lasts longer than plastic.

The Human Torch—To play it cool during the next twelve months.

The Thing—To get rid of those black-heads, once and for all.

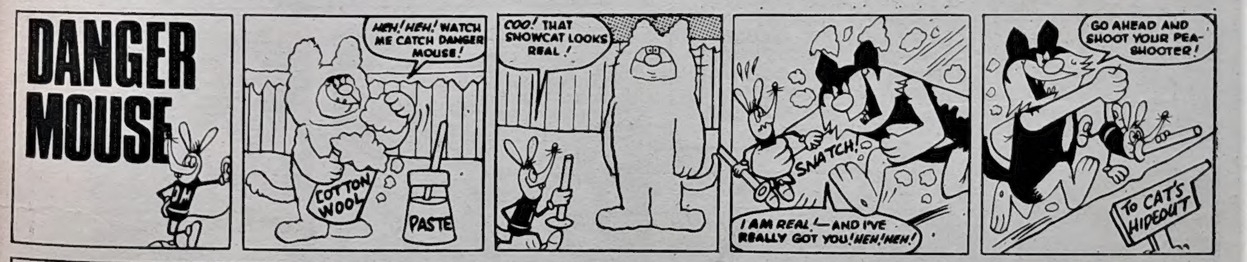
AND here's some more advance information. You all know that with the first issue of POW! you'll be getting a FREE Spidermatic gun and that if you get POW! No. 2 you'll be the proud possessor of a FREE iron-on transfer of Spiderman. Well, we can now disclose the nation-rocking news that with POW! No. 3 you'll get a FREE surprise packet with our own play-for-hours game inside! With entertainment like this who needs B.B.C. 2?

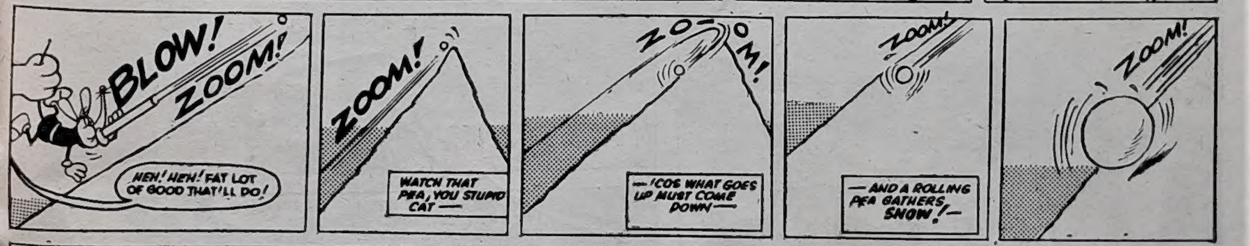


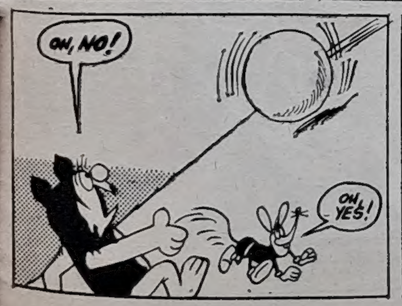
AND before we go, here's a reminder that, starting with this week's issue of SMASH! old green-skin embarks on the first instalment of the most eagerly-requested new series of the New Year. In this series the Hulk saga takes the final step to greatness. Don't even look at the first picture unless you want to get hooked for life! And meanwhile in WHAM! the Fantastic Four are involved in a series of happenings with Planet X that can only be described as slightly more than sensational! We may be old-fashioned, but we think it's important you should know these things. We'd hate you to feel deprived.

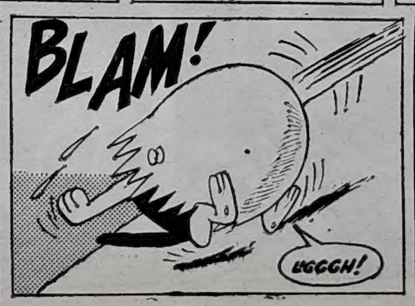
Meet Twenty Proud Power-Pack People.

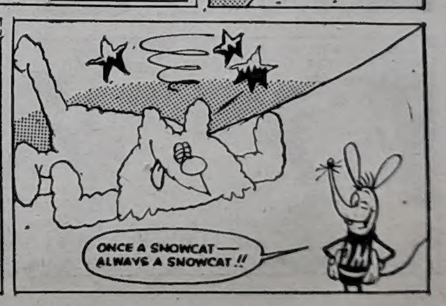
Eileen Bull, Long Eaton, Notts; Christopher Millett, Bournemouth; W. Cole, Brixham, S. Devon; Janet Lockwood, Lincoln, Lincs.; Susan Hogarth, Edinburgh, 8; Lance Latter, Thornton Heath, Surrey; Nigel Horler, Weymouth, Dorset; Ruth Wilcox, Shivelbrook, Notts.; Stephen Jones, Wrexham; Victor Smith, Benfleet, Essex; Colin Griffin, Bristol, 3; Bruce Taylor, Mile End; Keith Cooney, Oldham, Lancs.; Paul Walker, Stonebroom, Derbyshire; Stephen Munn, Carterton, Oxon.; Ian Porter, South Shields, Co. Durham; Frank Barber, Salford, Lancs.; Stephen Langley, Wanborough, Surrey; Leonard Parsons, Dagenham, Essex; G. Perry, Netherton, Worcs.


DANGER MOUSE
HEH! HEH! WATCH ME CATCH DANGER MOUSE!
COTTON WOOL
PASTE
COO! THAT SNOWCAT LOOKS REAL!
SNATCH!
I AM REAL!—AND I'VE REALLY GOT YOU! HEH! HEH!
GO AHEAD AND SHOOT YOUR PEA-SHOOTER!
TO CAT'S HIDEOUT









ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...

THE LEGEND TESTERS

WITHOUT THE ORB TO AID ME I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO UNDO THIS SPELL AND THESE POOR WRETCHES MAY BE FORCED TO LIVE OUT THEIR LIVES AS TOADS!

WE CAN BUT TRY, MASTER!

WULF—YOU HAVE ACQUIRED SOME SMALL POWERS OF WIZARDRY. PERHAPS IF WE UTTER THE RIGHT WORDS TOGETHER OUR COMBINED STRENGTH MIGHT BE SUFFICIENT TO BREAK THE SPELL!

THE LEGEND TESTERS, ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS, HAVE TRAVELLED BACK IN TIME TO SEEK THE CRYSTAL ORB OF MERLIN THE MAGICIAN. BUT THEIR ARRIVAL IN THE PAST COINCIDES WITH THE COMPLETION OF ONE OF MERLIN'S SPELLS — AND BY ACCIDENT ROLLO AND DANNY ARE TURNED INTO TOADS! AND WHAT'S MORE, IN THE CONFUSION, THE CRYSTAL ORB HAS BEEN STOLEN BY WULF, MERLIN'S ASSISTANT!

AND SO MERLIN AND HIS RASCALLY ASSISTANT CHANT THE SPELL-BREAKING WORDS TOGETHER.

WITH ALL THE POWERS WE CAN AWAKE, WE NOW COMMAND THIS SPELL TO BREAK!

LONG SECONDS DRAG BY...

NOTHING IS HAPPENING! IT IS AS I FEARED! THESE TWO UNFORTUNATE MEN ARE DOOMED TO REMAIN AS TOADS FOR THE REST OF THEIR LIVES!

BUT HARDLY IS MERLIN FINISHED SPEAKING WHEN...

NO, MERLIN! THEY ARE CHANGING! THEY'RE TURNING FROM TOADS TO MEN!

WITHIN SECONDS THE TRANSFORMATION IS COMPLETE! IN PLACE OF THE TWO UGLY TOADS STAND ROLLO AND DANNY!

MERCIFUL HEAVENS! WITHOUT THE ORB I THOUGHT THERE WAS NO HOPE OF CHANGING YOU BACK INTO YOUR HUMAN SHAPES!

THE ORB...?

MY CRYSTAL ORB! IT HAS DISAPPEARED! VANISHED! AND SUCH POWERFUL MAGIC AS WULF AND I HAVE JUST CARRIED OUT CAN USUALLY ONLY BE WROUGHT BY SOMEONE WHO POSSESSES THE ORB!

INTERESTING! THEN IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE THE ORB—

PERHAPS SOMEONE ELSE DID!

AND ROLLO'S EYES DWELL THOUGHTFULLY UPON THE FIGURE OF WULF!

ARE YOU FEELING ALL RIGHT, WULF? YOU'VE TURNED QUITE PALE!

THEY KNOW THE TRUTH! I CAN FEEL THAT THEY KNOW!

HELP ME, O ORB! HELP ME!

IN ANSWER TO WULF'S DESPERATE PLEA, LIGHTNING SLASHES ACROSS THE SKY...

...AND WITHIN SECONDS A MIGHTY STORM BREAKS!

A GREAT WIND ATTACKS THE HOUSE, FORCING OPEN DOORS AND WINDOWS!

MERCY...!

ONLY WULF SEEMS UNAFFECTED BY THE SUDDEN VIOLENCE OF THE ELEMENTS AND HE RUSHES THROUGH THE DOOR.

AFTER HIM, DANNY!

CAN'T SEE HIM! CAN'T SEE ANYTHING THROUGH THIS RAIN!

BUT ON WULF THE STORM HAS NO EFFECT! THE WIND DOES NOT HOLD HIM BACK, NOR THE HEAVY RAIN DAMPEN HIS CLOTHING, AS HE HASTENS THROUGH THE FOREST!

MUST REACH BLACK SHIELD!

AND NOW LET US RACE AHEAD OF WULF— TO A HIGH CASTLE DEEP IN THE FOREST— A CASTLE SHUNNED BY ALL WHO KNOW THE EVIL REPUTATION OF ITS OWNER, BLACK SHIELD!

IN A HIGH CHAMBER WITHIN THE GRIM STONE WALLS A FORMIDABLE FIGURE PACES RESTLESSLY!

WHERE IS THAT FOOL WULF? WHY DOES HE NOT COME? FOR DAYS I, BLACK SHIELD, HAVE BEEN WAITING — WAITING TO FEEL WITHIN MY HANDS THE GREATEST SOURCE OF POWER KNOWN TO THE WORLD! THE ORB OF MERLIN!

SINCE MY YOUTH I HAVE CEASELESSLY STUDIED THE BLACK ARTS! BUT ALL MY KNOWLEDGE WOULD BE AS NOUGHT COMPARED WITH WHAT THE ORB COULD REVEAL TO ME! ONCE IT IS MINE I SHALL BE THE MOST POWERFUL MORTAL ON EARTH!

A NERVOUS KNOCK AT THE DOOR INTERRUPTS BLACK SHIELD'S DREAMS OF GREATNESS.

BLACK SHIELD! THE MAN WULF IS HERE!

WULF? HERE? THEN BRING HIM TO ME!

I HAVE DONE AS YOU ASKED, BLACK SHIELD! I HAVE THE ORB!

GIVE IT TO ME!

AT LAST IT IS MINE! NOW MY DREAMS SHALL BECOME REALITY! MERLIN HAS USED THIS WONDROUS THING TO UNLOCK THE SECRETS OF THE PAST! BUT NOW THAT IT IS MY SERVANT, I SHALL USE IT TO UNLOCK THE SECRETS OF THE FUTURE!

NEXT ISH: THE POWER OF THE ORB!

THE NERVS

QUICK, HARRY — TAKE THIS MESSAGE TO THE HAND DEPARTMENT, FATTY WANTS TO SCRATCH HIMSELF!

BRAIN DEPT KEEP OUT

ONE WAY VIEW

AYE, AYE, SIR.

HAPPY New Year

B 27 BICEP ROAD

ZOOOM

DANGER Z ELBOW BEND

SKREECH!

ON YOUR FEET! ACTION STATIONS! FATTY WANTS TO SCRATCH HIMSELF!

HAND DEP!

OH, WELL — I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO GET UP TO SCRATCH!

ONE JOLLY GOOD SCRATCH COMING UP!

SCRATCH PUNCH WAVE TWIDDLE

HAND CONTROLS

AH! THAT'S BETTER! I HAD AN AWFUL ITCH!

SCRATCH!

SCRATCH

YOU NEED A JOLLY GOOD BATH, YOU MUCKY DEVIL — GO ON, UP YOU GO AND GIVE YOURSELF A SCRUB FROM HEAD TO TOE!

B-BUT, MUM! SOMETHING TERRIBLE ALWAYS HAPPENS WHEN I HAVE A BATH!

POKE

I WISH SOAP HAD NEVER BEEN INVENTED!

SOAP

HEY, BELLA! FATTY'S WASHING HIS FACE — THAT MEANS SOAP!

EYE LID

HEH! HEH! I'LL OPEN HIS EYE-LID — YOU REACH OUT AND GET IT!

THEN GRAB SOME — QUICK! THIS PLACE IS FILTHY!

GOT SOME, MARTHA! CLOSE IT AGAIN! — SNIGGER!

OUCH! I KNEW SOMETHIN' HORRIBLE WOULD HAPPEN! I'VE GOT SOAP IN MY EYE!

EYE DEPT...

TEE-HEE! IT'S THE ONLY CHANCE WE GET TO GIVE THIS PLACE A GOOD CLEAN!

YEAH! THAT STUFF WE GET FROM THE STORE NERVS WON'T LATHER AT ALL!

HELP! WHERE'S THE TOWEL—? MY EYES ARE STINGING LIKE MAD!

GROPE!

AIEE!! MY HAND!

CRACK!

HAND DEP!

AAGH! WHAT'S HE HIT?

SMASH...

BUMP!

WAAH! MY HEAD NOW!

AND IN FATTY'S BRAIN DEPT...

HELP! THE BRAIN-BOX IS BROKEN!

BRAIN BOX

GRRR! I BET I KNOW WHO IS CAUSING THIS!

KEEP OUT HAND DEP!

LET'S GET 'EM!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL US WHO'S RESPONSIBLE!

YEAH! WE'RE THE *BRAINS* HERE — WE KNOW!

HEY! LOOK AT THIS LOT COMIN'! THEY DON'T LOOK VERY PLEASED!

OOER!

GURR! NEVER GET ANY PEACE WHEN YOU TWO GET ALL SCRUB-HAPPY! TAKE THAT!

CRASH! BASH! CRASH! THUMP!

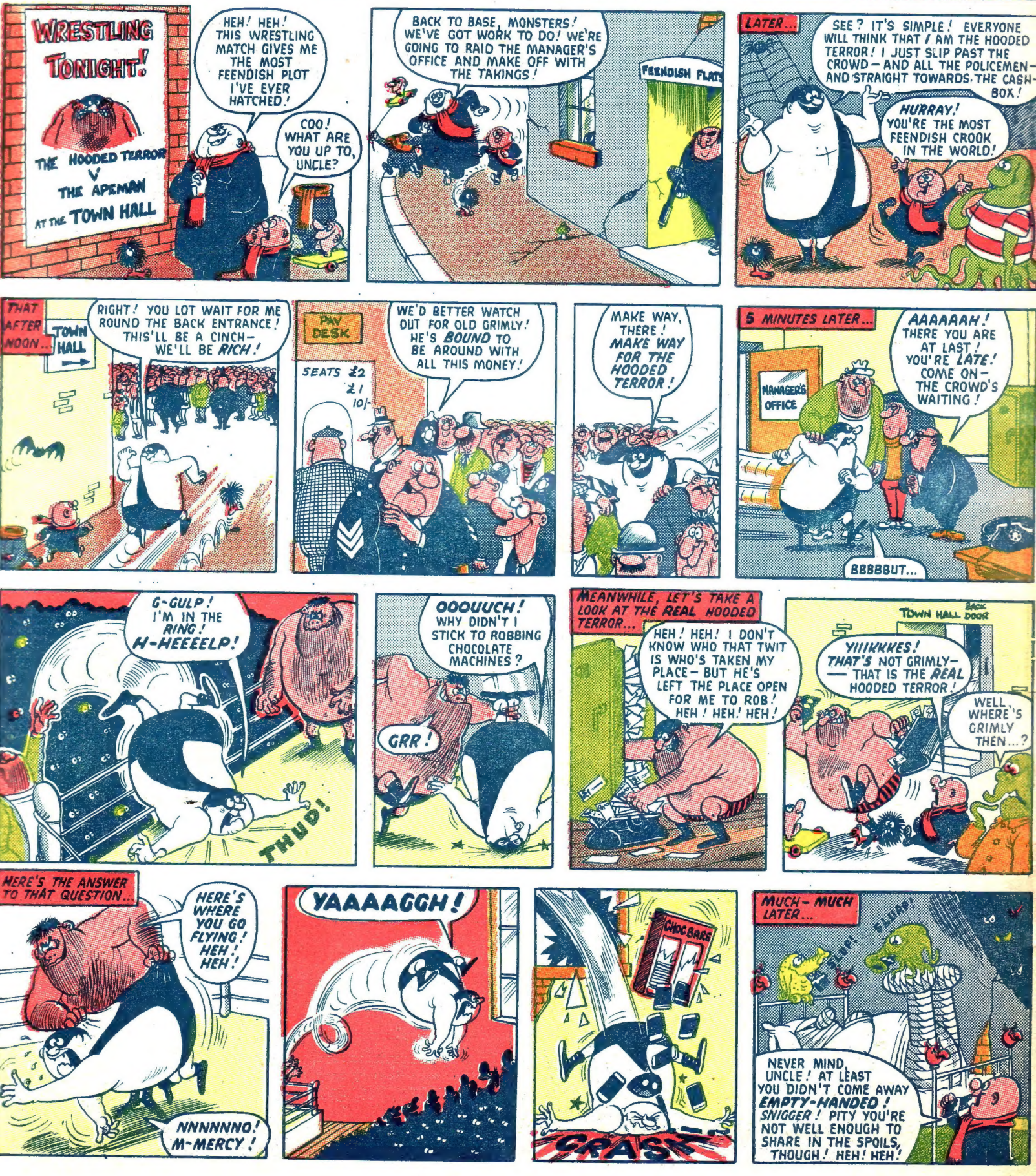
NOW WE'VE SETTLED THOSE TWO, WE'LL SOON GET ALL THIS HORRIBLE SOAP WASHED OUT!

JUST LOOK! — HE GOES TO HAVE A BATH AND COMES BACK WITH A SORE HEAD, A SORE HAND AND AN EYE WATERING LIKE MAD! CAN YOU BEAT IT?

I TOLD YOU SOME-THING HORRIBLE WOULD HAPPEN! SNIFF!

GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD


HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!
AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!
WRESTLING TONIGHT!
THE HOODED TERROR V THE APEMAN AT THE TOWN HALL
HEH! HEH! THIS WRESTLING MATCH GIVES ME THE MOST FEENDISH PLOT I'VE EVER HATCHED!
COO! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, UNCLE?
BACK TO BASE, MONSTERS! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO! WE'RE GOING TO RAID THE MANAGER'S OFFICE AND MAKE OFF WITH THE TAKINGS!
FEENDISH FLATS
LATER...
SEE? IT'S SIMPLE! EVERYONE WILL THINK THAT I AM THE HOODED TERROR! I JUST SLIP PAST THE CROWD – AND ALL THE POLICEMEN – AND STRAIGHT TOWARDS THE CASH-BOX!
HURRAY! YOU'RE THE MOST FEENDISH CROOK IN THE WORLD!
THAT AFTER NOON...
TOWN HALL
RIGHT! YOU LOT WAIT FOR ME ROUND THE BACK ENTRANCE! THIS'LL BE A CINCH – WE'LL BE RICH!
PAY DESK
SEATS £2 £1 10/-
WE'D BETTER WATCH OUT FOR OLD GRIMLY! HE'S BOUND TO BE AROUND WITH ALL THIS MONEY!
MAKE WAY, THERE! MAKE WAY FOR THE HOODED TERROR!
5 MINUTES LATER...
MANAGER'S OFFICE
AAAAAAH! THERE YOU ARE AT LAST! YOU'RE LATE! COME ON – THE CROWD'S WAITING!
BBBBBUT...
G-GULP! I'M IN THE RING! H-HEEEELP!
THUD!
OOOUUCH! WHY DIDN'T I STICK TO ROBBING CHOCOLATE MACHINES?
GRR!
MEANWHILE, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE REAL HOODED TERROR...
HEH! HEH! I DON'T KNOW WHO THAT TWIT IS WHO'S TAKEN MY PLACE – BUT HE'S LEFT THE PLACE OPEN FOR ME TO ROB! HEH! HEH! HEH!
TOWN HALL BACK DOOR
YIIIKKKES! THAT'S NOT GRIMLY – — THAT IS THE REAL HOODED TERROR!
WELL, WHERE'S GRIMLY THEN...?
HERE'S THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION...
HERE'S WHERE YOU GO FLYING! HEH! HEH!
NNNNNNO! M-MERCY!
YAAAAGGH!
CHOC BARS
CRASH
MUCH – MUCH LATER...
SLEEP! SLEEP!
NEVER MIND, UNCLE! AT LEAST YOU DIDN'T COME AWAY EMPTY-HANDED! SNIGGER! PITY YOU'RE NOT WELL ENOUGH TO SHARE IN THE SPOILS, THOUGH! HEH! HEH!